

J. C. A. Weibye.

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, AN ILLUSTRATED PAPER,

(Published Every Alternate Saturday.)

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUTH.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

*But with all thy getting get understanding.—SOLOMON.
There is no Excellence without Labor.*

ELDER GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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J. C. A. WEIBYE,
MANTI,

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL 10.

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NO. 1.

THE children of Utah know very little of poverty and misery, like that endured by the two little London crossing sweepers whose portraits are before us. But, should they ever visit the Eastern States or England, they would pass hundreds of such as we have pictured here, on the crowded streets and avenues of their great cities. Our picture, which is copied from a photograph, and our verses, which are "founded on fact," are intended to show us that true generosity is to be found, even among the poorest, and that there are none of us too small or too poor to do a kind action and help another who is not so well off as ourselves.



It is very easy for the rich to give a trifle out of their abundance, without feeling its loss; but it is an heroic action for a thirsty man to divide his last cup of water with another, or for a hungry boy to give a portion of his last crust to a starving comrade, when neither of them knows where the next bite will come from. That is true self-sacrifice; and it is said there is nothing really noble or exalting that does not involve more or less of this principle of self denial. It partakes of that same spirit that Jesus possessed when He offered His life as a mediation for the sins of the world, that we through His death might live forever, and, by obedi-

ence to His gospel, enjoy eternal happiness as well as eternal life.

We find mankind in possession of many peculiar characteristics, comprising good and bad, prominent among which are liberality and stinginess. If we have a choice, commend to us the man or boy who, with true generous impulse, can say, when sharing his only morsel with a suffering friend:

"BITE BIGGER BILLY!"

A FRIEND I met the other day,
Said to me, "Do you know
The tale of Crossing-sweeper Bill
And his companion Joe?"

"I do not; but please tell it me
And I will gladly hear."
And while he told it, in his eyes
I marked the rising tear.

I need not say that Bill and Joe
Were miserably poor,
That many hardships they were forced
To suffer and endure.

Joe's father, for some wicked deed,
Was sent across the sea,
And his heart-broken mother died
In wretched poverty.

Bill's mother died when he was born;
His father ran away
And met his death, so it was said,
In some wild drunken fray.

So neither knew a father's care,
A mother's tender smile,
And neither had a sister's love,
Their sorrows to beguile.

They could not claim a single friend
Beneath the wide-spread sky,
But to each other they were bound
By poverty's strong tie.

Though poor, they were too proud to beg,
Too upright far to steal,
And gladly would they sweep and clean
To gain an honest meal.

But, sad to say, the only food
They often had to eat,
Was scraps of bread and broken fruit
They picked up from the street.

Poor boys! they often made their bed
In stair or archway dark,
And sometimes through the summer nights
Slept in St. James' Park.

It was a bleak and bitter morn
Just at the close of March,
And they had slept the night before
Within a market arch.

As very hungry, very cold,
They wandered down the street,
Joe picked an apple from the ground
And thought "Why here's a treat!"

"It's been a little kicked about,
But it's a good one still,"
And, turning to his mate, he said,
"What have you picked up, Bill?"

"I haven't found a single scrap,"
Bill mournfully did say;
"Then, as you are the youngest, Bill?"
Here—take and bite away."

The poor boy bit a small piece off,
"Ha! that won't do!" cried Joe,
"Bite bigger, Billy—bigger yet!
You're welcome—that you know!"

A noble lesson this should teach,
Dear children, unto you,—
Do unto others as you would
That they to you should do.

Give in the name of Him who gave
His only Son to die,
That we might dwell with him in joy
Throughout eternity.

NATURAL HISTORY.

BY GILEAD, JUNIOR.

THE flea has the most "get up" in him for his size, of any live thing with which nature has favored us. Scientific men call them *aphaniptera*; this is probably on account of the very able manner in which they nip the human victim. Perhaps some of our readers have seen a flea, if so they are pretty smart, for his stay is so short and his exit so sudden, that it requires a very quick eye and active mind to discern and appreciate the flea. There is one thing a boy can't do well with a flea on him, and that is study his lesson. It is a very difficult matter to keep your temper while a flea is cantering up and down your back, but vindictive language is useless on such an occasion. The flea is not afraid of a person who swears, and the same time will be more profitably spent in searching for him.

There is a peculiarity about the flea which learned men have never explained; as soon as you have captured him, he disappears, or in other words, "when you have found him he is not there."

His sudden absence may trouble you, but this is only a thirst for revenge. There is one thing I would recommend to those who may be fortunate enough to catch a flea, and that is kill him on the spot, as the delay of punishment for even two seconds might doom you to disappointment.

I have heard of fleas being trained to go in harness, but I should think a team of this kind would be too quick for our roads. Speed is the flea's best hold, and the first law of his nature; if he was strong in proportion to his speed, steam engines would be out done, but in this case, unless the flea was subdued, mankind would probably be soon numbered among the curiosities of the past.

A boy who had been poorly taught in punctuation undertook the other day to prove that the flea was very brave, by quoting the following passage of scripture, "The wicked flee, when no man pursueth but the righteous, is as bold as a lion." On reference to the text you will perceive how correct punctuation changes the sense of the passage, and yet this blockhead went off convinced that I was an infidel, because I would not accept his interpretation of scripture.

Common sense teaches us that the flea is not a brave insect, because if he were he would stand his ground.

There is a kind of flea found in the West Indies called the chigoe, or jigger. These attack the naked feet, bury themselves deeply in the skin, and there deposit an immense number of eggs. How the West Indians can sit and patiently look on while these fleas make nests in their feet is a mystery in the flea business that would be hard for an American to explain.

As dogs principally attend to the raising of fleas in our country perhaps they could furnish us with the necessary information.

Old America.

BY G. M. O.

JARED.

THE Creator, having divided the earth, and allowed a short time—some fourteen years—for its composure, continued His work of separation by confounding the language of the people, “swearing in his wrath that they should be scattered upon all the face of the earth, and according to the word of the Lord the people were scattered.” Thus, the descendants of Noah, originally confined to a particular locality and an original unity and equality, are now spread over the whole earth, presenting four leading or distinct types, white, yellow, red and black. Learned ethnologists, ignoring the simplicity of the sacred and inspired records of holy writ, have lost themselves in vague and often absurd theories in their repeated efforts to solve the mystery of the origin of these distinct races, and their first advent upon the globe, but in all their labors they have most signally failed. Into this theme of wide-spread discussion we will not enter, holding to our own belief: that all men were created equal, with God’s image as a model, without any classification or variety of color, but that through wickedness they have brought upon themselves repeated cursings of God, as in the cases of Cain, Ham and Laman, wherein their complexions were changed. Through the influences of climate, mode of living, amalgamation and by adhering to or disregarding the will and commands of an all-wise God, has man advanced or fallen from the exalted state originally conferred upon him; and, instead of presenting one type, as originally intended, speaking one language and forming one great order of brotherhood, we are split up, divided, classified, and marked, so that at the present time the curse of Babel has become a confusion worse confounded.

Leaving the eastern hemisphere to be re-peopled by the numerous tribes and families radiating from Babel, we turn our thoughts to the long un-explained mystery—the re-peopling of America. Until the appearance of the Book of Mormon no reasonable theory or definite historical explanation could be given of the origin of the aboriginal inhabitants of the western portion of our globe. Many and various, rational and irrational, have been the theories advanced to explain the origin of the people who have left their reliés scattered over the land. One of these theories is that the original inhabitants were the “ten lost tribes of Israel.” This idea has been defended by some students in elaborate treatises. Originally advanced by the Spanish monks, who assumed also that the gospel was originally preached in America by St. Thomas, it has been taken up by many eminent writers, who have given us long and detailed descriptions of the journey the “tribes” made through Palestine, Syria, in fact, over the extent of Asia, crossing at Behring’s Strait, and thence down the Pacific coast. Lord Kingsborough devotes the major part of one of his immense volumes to the explanation and support of this absurd idea. Another hypothesis, equally absurd, is that civilization was brought to America by the Malays. A few investigators maintain that the first inhabitants came originally from Phœnicia, and M. de Bourbourg and some other writers hold to what may be called the “Atlanta” theory. They suppose the continent of America to have extended originally far across the Atlantic ocean, in a peninsula shape, but at some time in the world’s history this extended portion was engulfed

by some convulsion of nature, thus separating the two hemispheres more effectually, and the Atlantic people who escaped destruction settled in Central America. In fact, the claims of zealous writers attribute the original source of the Americans to almost every prominent nation of the old world, the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Israelites, Arabs, Egyptians, Celts, Hindoos, Tartars, Scythians, Corcans, Samoieds and Tungusians.

In the midst of all these conflicting and jarring accounts and statements let us examine the simple, plain, unvarnished record of Ether, as we find it in the Book of Mormon. Here we learn that when the Lord confounded the language at Babel He led forth a colony under the leadership of Jared and his brother. As He had guided the ark across the stormy waters before, as He led the children of Israel over the burning sands of Arabia afterwards, so He guided the few people chosen to repopulate a land “choice above all the earth.” The record informs us that after a journey in the wilderness, compelling them at times to build barges on which they crossed many rivers, they finally, after a four years’ sojourn, constructed vessels and sailed—we infer from some point on the Mediterranean coast of Africa, possibly from the Atlantic coast now called Morocco—to America, and established themselves as colonists in the central part of the western continents.

Ether has recorded the history of the rise, progress and decay of Jared and his people, but the people of this age of the world look upon the book containing his record as a myth, and still hold to their various theories and speculations. Let us take up the secular histories, in which all believe, and see how far the Book of Ether is sustained by the traditions and the few records preserved of the descendants of this colony who landed in the country some three thousand years ago.

Three great events had already transpired in the world’s history of so much importance that they could never be forgotten, never lost from the memory of man, as long as tongue could speak or hand record—the creation of man, the deluge and the confusion of languages. Going back from son to father, it never has been forgotten; going into the future from father to son, it never will be forgotten. Let us see how well the old Americans have preserved the memory of these epochs, that point so undeniably to the source of their information.

The Toltec painting of the deluge and confusion of tongues, an engraving of which can be found in “Humboldt’s Mexico,” also in Priest’s Antiquities, and Clavigero’s History of Mexico, was painted in a manuscript book made of the leaves of a tree, suitable for the purpose. The picture represents Noah floating in a canoe, or boat: over Noah is a mountain, the summit crowned by a tree; to the left, rising above the waters, another mountain or peak is seen, crowned by a horn. This is a hieroglyphic denoting the mountain Colhucan (Ararat). At the foot of the mountain, supporting the tree, are two heads—Noah and his wife. A dove rests in the tree, from whose beak branches the Toltec figure of speech or language. Fifteen figures of men are approaching, and receiving the language from the bird; it is supposed these figures represent the heads of families, or leaders of fifteen tribes. One remarkable feature in this picture is, that the figures have no resemblance to the Indians, but seem to be a transcript of a group of ancient Greeks or Romans. This presentation of a Caucasian assembly, is strong evidence that the present Indian is not a representative of the first inhabitants of America.

Clavigero states that the Chiapanese Indians had a manuscript, in which it was written “that a person named Votan was present at the building (of the Tower of Babel) in order

to mount to heaven, and that then every people received the various languages."

The ancient Indians of Cuba, called Caribs, learned from their ancestors that God created heaven and earth and all things: that an old man, having foreseen the deluge, built a canoe and embarked in it, with his family and many animals. When the waters abated he sent forth a raven, which never returned; he then sent a pigeon, which soon returned with a branch of the hoba tree. The old man and family then disembarked, and, having made wine of grapes produced after the flood, became intoxicated. While in this condition, one of his sons exposed his nakedness, and another covered him. When he awoke, the Lord blessed the latter, and cursed the former. The Caribs held that they were the descendants of the son who was cursed.

(To be Continued.)

SAND AND VOLCANOES.

BY BETH.

SOME very interesting and instructive papers have appeared respecting our western Territories,* which deserve to be reproduced in full, for the large amount of valuable information they contain concerning this region. Lack of space forbids this, but many facts may be stated that will enable the young reader to know something of the natural operations that have produced, and still continue to produce changes in these valleys. Prominent among the silent forces noticed, we find that sand is making its mark upon our rocks in a very remarkable manner. It is shown that the action of sand is capable of producing marked changes, by cutting and abrading, when moved by water or by air; and that forcible illustrations of both phases of its action are common in our western Territories. The function of flowing water in denudation, or uncovering by removing rock, is also shown to be three-fold. It dissolves rock; it carries the sand which cuts rock; and it carries away the materials. Mere solution does scarcely anything in effecting changes; it is water containing sand or mud that does the work, especially when floods pass through gorges with great rapidity. Even the boulders that choke the channel are themselves gradually worn away by the incessant action of this small but effective "tool of erosion"—sand. Much more is said of the action of sand in water, by which the beds of rivers are "beautifully carved, each texture of rock being given a peculiar pattern of sculpture, but none escaping." And the magnitude of the excavations accomplished in our western rivers by the "devouring sand" is astonishing. This we might be prepared to expect, as we all know something of sand and water, in scouring for instance. But dry sand, carried by the wind, is another mighty factor in shaping our rocks. "By its multitudinous impact and friction, it triturates and erodes all substances that come in its way, reducing them and its own particles to a fine dust, that drifts lightly here and there, until it is caught at last by some transient or permanent stream, and finds the bottom of a lake or ocean. Of this attrition the most conspicuous traces are seen on the rocks of mountain passes, and on the pebbles of open plains. The carving of rocks in passes, where the wind is focussed, by the convergence of slopes, to exceptional intensity, is a frequent phenomenon."

Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the singular appearance of rocks and pebbles found from time to time. The writer alludes to some of these at the locality of the Rio Virgen. "A smooth and gently sloping plain is strewn with carved pebbles of various rocks. The quartzites and flints are smooth, and shine with a polish that attrition by rolling never gives. The basalts and trachytes have uneven surfaces, with the harder crystals in the prominences. . . . All combinations of hard and soft, as of schist and limestone, exhibit the harder bands in bold relief; while homogeneous and soft pebbles, and especially those of limestone, are carved superficially into vernacular ridges and grooves of the most exquisite arabesque patterns. . . . Only the pebbles at the surface exhibit the carving; all below are merely rounded by rolling and jostling against each other in the current that originally brought them. The sand blast that causes the surface pebbles ultimately destroys them completely, and their whole material is swept away to the adjacent rivers."

How graphically are the changes wrought by the tiny "sand blast," one of natures most effective forces, shown. Plains are degraded; "as one layer disappears from the surface, another is brought to view to be similarly treated."

The writer also says that many of our volcanoes are comparatively recent. He proves this by showing that eruptions of basalt have taken place near Fillmore, in this Territory, recently, as proved by the superposition or overlay of newly deposited beds on older ones of lava; and he advances the theory that is now generally received that geysers are springs combining a very high temperature, which can only be adequately accounted for by supposing that their heat is derived from the water passing over masses of lava still hot, and hence, of recent origin. He shows that much of the scoria, or volcanic cinder, has not even undergone decomposition by the natural action of the atmosphere, moisture, etc., which it must have done if it had been of great antiquity. He believes that the period of eruption should be measured by hundreds rather than by thousands of years, and that "it is more logical for us to believe that we live in one of the intervals between outbursts, than that the phenomena of volcanoes have ceased."

Living as we do in this Territory, should the predictions of the able naturalist and writer be verified, we may some day be startled by something more than the distant rumblings in the mountains: he says "I see no reason to suppose even that the end is near, and shall feel no surprise when the fires burst forth anew."

THREE-FOURTHS of the difficulties and miseries of men come from the fact that most want wealth without earning it, fame without deserving it, popularity without temperance, respect without virtue, and happiness without holiness. The man who wants the best things, and is willing to pay just what they are worth, by honest effort and hard self-denial, will have no difficulty in getting what he wants last. It is the men who want goods on credit that are disappointed and overwhelmed in the end. Happiness cannot be bought by the bottle. It does not exist in any exhilaration, excitement or ownership, but comes from the use of the faculties of body and mind.

NECESSITY is the mother of invention and encouragement the nurse of it; what is brought up by one, should be propagated by the other.

IT is our own vanity that makes the vanities of others intolerable to us,

*Advance Papers on Natural Erosion by Sand, and the Recency of Certain Volcanoes of the Western United States.

Questions and Answers

ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

REIGN OF THE JUDGES.

LESSON LXXIX.

Q.—After the people of Ammon were settled in the land of Jershon what did their brethren, the Lamanites do?

A.—They followed Ammon and his people.

Q.—What took place a short time after this?

A.—A terrible battle was fought.

Q.—By what armies was this battle fought?

A.—By the Lamanites who followed the people of Ammon and the Nephites who were protecting the people of Ammon.

Q.—Who gained the victory?

A.—The Nephites, the Lamanites being scattered and driven.

Q.—In what year did these events transpire?

A.—In the fifteenth year of the reign of the judges.

Q.—What transpired in the latter part of the seventeenth year of the reign of the judges?

A.—A man appeared in Zarahemla, who preached doctrines contrary to those taught in the church.

Q.—How did he address the people in order to make them believe him?

A.—He asked concerning the coming of Christ, how any one knew that Christ would come, saying it was only a tradition of their fathers.

Q.—Did many believe his doctrines?

A.—Yes; many lifting themselves up in their wickedness.

Q.—When he left Zarahemla where did he go?

A.—He went to the people of Ammon in the land of Jershon.

Q.—What did the people do with him?

A.—They took him bound before Ammon.

Q.—What did Ammon order?

A.—He ordered him to be carried out of the land.

Q.—What was this man's name?

A.—Korihor.

Q.—Where did he go after he was carried out of Jershon?

A.—He went to the land of Gideon.

Q.—Before whom was he taken?

A.—Before the chief judge and the high priest.

Q.—When they saw the hardness of his heart what did they do?

A.—They bound him and sent him to Zarahemla, to the chief judge over all the land and Alma.

Q.—How did he act before Alma and the chief judge?

A.—He blasphemed and reviled against God like he did in Gideon.

Q.—What did he ask of Alma?

A.—He asked for a sign that he might believe.

Q.—When Alma told him there were evidences enough, what did he say?

A.—He said he would not believe unless he should see a sign.

Q.—What did Alma then do?

A.—He told Korihor if he denied again he should be struck dumb.

Q.—What did Korihor then do?

A.—He said again he would not believe unless he beheld a sign.

Q.—What happened to him?

A.—He was struck dumb.

Q.—Was he then convinced of the power of God?

A.—Yes; and he confessed himself to be wrong, and that he had been deceived by Satan.

Q.—What did he desire of Alma?

A.—He requested, by writing, that Alma should pray to have the curse removed.

Q.—What did Alma then reply to him?

A.—That if the curse should be removed, he would again lead the hearts of the people away.

Questions and Answers

ON THE BIBLE.

BOOK OF JUDGES.

LESSON LXXXIX.

Q.—How many cities did the sons of Jair have?

A.—Thirty.

Q.—After the death of Jair, how did the children of Israel behave?

A.—They again forsook the Lord and served other gods.

Q.—What was the result?

A.—The Lord sold them into the hands of the Philistines and Ammonites.

Q.—Who arose next to deliver Israel?

A.—Jephthah, the Gileadite.

Q.—What did Jephthah do before he went to battle?

A.—He vowed a vow unto the Lord.

Q.—What was the vow?

A.—That if he was successful, whatever came forth from his house to meet him he would offer as a burnt offering.

Q.—How did Jephthah succeed against the Ammonites?

A.—He smote them with a very great slaughter, even twenty cities.

Q.—Who came forth as he returned from subduing the enemies of Israel?

A.—“His daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances.”

Q.—Had he any other children?

A.—“Beside her he had neither son nor daughter.”

Q.—What did Jephthah do when he beheld his daughter?

A.—He rent his clothes and told her of his vow.

Q.—What did she reply to her father?

A.—To fulfill his covenant with the Lord.

Q.—What privilege did she ask?

A.—To go unto the mountains with her companions to bewail her virginity.

Q.—When did she return?

A.—After two months.

Q.—What was the custom with the daughters of Israel after Jephthah fulfilled his vow?

A.—They went yearly four days to lament the daughter of Jephthah.

Q.—Who went up to fight against Jephthah?

A.—The men of Ephraim.

Q.—Why did they do so?

A.—Because Jephthah destroyed the Ammonites without their assistance.

Q.—How many of the Ephraimites were slain?

A.—Forty two thousand.

Q.—How long did Jephthah judge Israel?

A.—Six years.

Q.—Where was Jephthah buried?

A.—In one of the cities of Gilead.

Q.—Who was the next judge?

A.—Ibzan of Bethlehem.

Q.—How many children did he have?

A.—Thirty sons and thirty daughters.

Q.—How many years did he judge Israel?

A.—Seven.

Q.—Who was the next judge?

A.—Elon, a Zebulonite.

Q.—How long did he reign?

A.—Ten years.

Q.—Who was the judge after Elon?

A.—Abdon, the son of Hillel, a Pirathonite.

Q.—How many sons and nephews did he have?

A.—Forty sons and thirty nephews.

Q.—How long did Abdon judge Israel?

A.—Eight years.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1875.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

T is a safe rule of life for us all, and as wise as it is safe, to never do or say anything except that upon which we can honestly ask the approval and blessing of God. Such a course will preserve us from many temptations and deliver us from many snares. It will also strengthen us in the path of daily duty. Furthermore, that upon which we can ask the blessing of God, we should do with our might. Half-heartedness is not a virtue, especially in serving the Lord; nor is it a recommendation in our daily contact with our fellow man.

To none are these axioms more valuable than to our youth starting in life. We all should have something useful to do, and we all should do it well. Each of us should choose an honest calling, and then endeavor to be perfect in the calling we have chosen. To do this, we must esteem no detail too trifling that has a bearing upon our success. It is not wise to despise small things, for "trifles make the sum of human things;" and little by little, step by step, seldom by giant strides, we progress towards the perfection of goodness or retrocede towards its sad opposite.

By prosecuting a useful calling with energy we help to build up God's kingdom and to benefit mankind. To produce is better than to distribute; the first adds wealth and beauty to the world, the second only helps to make that wealth available. To make the elements our servants, as does the farmer, or to fashion things of use and beauty out of the crude material, as does the artisan, is more to be esteemed for true value to the world, than to act in the calling of those who simply transfer the products of the toil of others from the producer to the consumer; though as society is now organized these last are necessary. The toilers in the soil, in the mine, in the canyon and in the workshop constitute the basis of the wealth of this world. It is not gold, but labor, that makes the world rich; and the more effectually that labor is directed, the better for us all. In this lies the strength of the revelations of God, regarding the concerns of our every day life.

All true business principles are based on justice and the rights of every party to a transaction. Success in business does not so often arise from that inclination to overreach, by some miscalled smartness, as in the prompt use of opportunities. There is more in the use of opportunities than in the measure or amount of them: however bright the sun may shine we cannot see the path we should take if we keep our eyes shut. Promptness, punctuality, honesty, industry and civility are key words to success in the labors, the duties, and business of life.

Be prompt, then you will be first in the market. Be punctual, then others will put confidence in your word. Be honest—there is no excuse to be otherwise: it wears the best and triumphs in the end. Be economical: wastefulness is one of

the great sins of the age; it should be remembered that a gain usually requires effort and outlay—that which we save is clear. Be polite: nothing valuable is lost by civility and kindness. Be industrious:

"Labor is life—'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despairoth, bewaileth:
Keep the watch wound for the dark rust assaileth,
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens,
Only the waving wing changes and brightens,
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens,
Play the sweet keys would you keep them in tune."

Withal, trust in God and keep His laws. None of us can afford to omit this, whatever our rank or occupation. It will add lustre to our talents and give strength to every action of our lives, and shape our course to the greatest usefulness here, and to the brightest happiness hereafter.


WHEN we first sent forth our little sheet to the world, we did so with an earnest desire to benefit the children of the Latter-day Saints, to instruct them in true principles and to guide their footsteps in the paths of holiness. With us it was purely a labor of love; money-making was not taken into consideration. It is the same with us to-day—we desire to continue the publication of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for the sake of the good that it will do. Since the first of January, 1866, when our first number appeared, we have always aimed to tell the truth, to teach by the examples of the good and great, and to cull from every age and every clime incidents, narrations and facts that while they would always instruct, would often amuse. If we have succeeded in our aim, we are satisfied; but whether our pages have answered the hopes of our friends and readers we must leave them to judge.

We hope the volume of which this is the first number will shine with even greater brightness than its predecessors. We have exerted ourselves that it shall be so. Elders John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, G. M. Ottinger, J. L. Barfoot, J. Nicholsou, C. W. Stayner and other brethren have given us assurances that articles from their pens shall illumine our columns. With this we are greatly pleased, for we believe in home literature. If it be wise that the clothes that we wear, that to-day are new and next year are worn out, should be of home manufacture, how much more necessary is it that our publications, which will endure for ages, be filled with truths wrought from the hearts and brains of the Elders of God's kingdom.

With a feeling of gratitude toward our patrons for their past support, we have now to ask them for a continuance of their patronage, and also that they and all others who feel an interest in the work in which we are engaged—the educational advancement of our youth—endeavor by their influence among their friends to extend the circulation of the INSTRUCTOR, until its pages shall be read and its salutary influence felt in the family of every Latter-day Saint.


If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora-box, which, when opened, fills every house and every neighborhood with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heartburnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fiends to blast the reputation and peace of others.

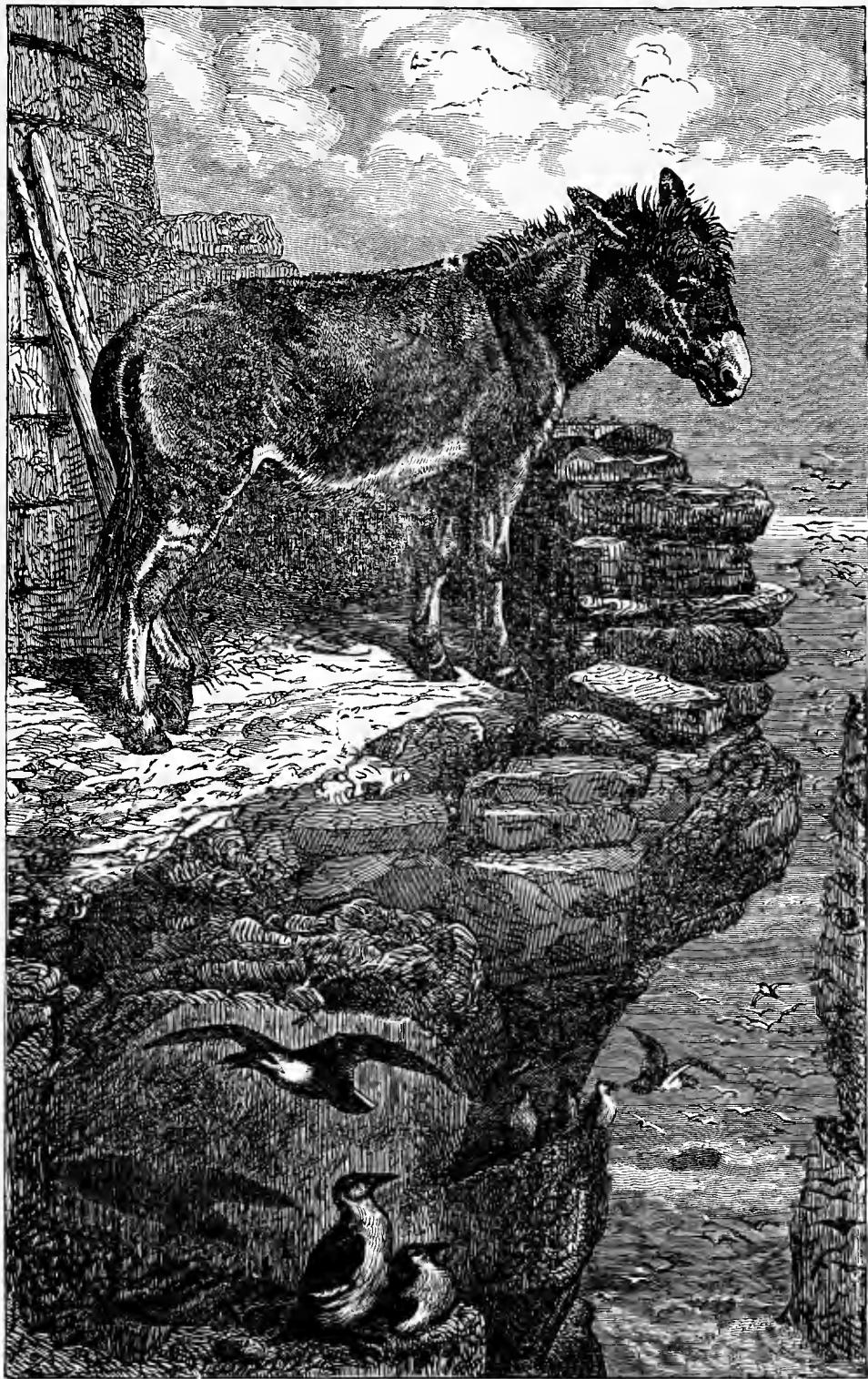
THE LIGHTHOUSE
DONKEY.

I HARDLY know how to tell my story in proper terms, it is so exceedingly immoral—showing as it does the success of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness; how a cruel, premeditated, and unprovoked murder may be committed without any punishment, and the murderer live on respected and apparently contented, though we must hope suffering internal agonies in his conscience. I must begin, however at the beginning.

There is a lighthouse built upon a rocky islet jutting out into the stormy Irish sea, surrounded with dangerous reefs, where vessels of old were continually wrecked, and even now often come to grief. It is joined to the mainland by a small suspension bridge, and can only be reached by a staircase of some three hundred rude steps winding down the face of the cliffs, the rocky ledges in one place little better than a ladder, while on both sides the precipices rise five hundred feet sheer out of the sea. Upon this island live the lighthouse-keeper, his wife and donkey, and up and down this path these three pass every week to get their provisions at the nearest little town, some three or four miles away. At the top of the rock is a shelter where a small cart is kept, to which they harness the donkey, make their exertion, and return along the craggy, steep mountain road behind

the promontory. When the party reach the top of the steps, the cart is again put into the shed, the goods are bound on the donkey's back, who, with much neatness and dispatch, proceeds to step with his load carefully down the stairs and then up again into the island, carrying everything safely into his home.

Things had thus gone on very prosperously for some time, though living was a little scanty for the donkey, as the island produces little but sea-birds, which lay their eggs on the ledges of rock all around, which are so narrow that if a human hand attempts to lift an egg, it is impossible to replace the round and slippery thing once more, and it rolls into the sea. Yet here, on a margin of two inches or so, the guillemots may be seen sitting each on her single long, bluish egg, their little white stomachs bolt upright, in rows close together, but apparently quite comfortable. The gulls and razorbills take it easier, and squat less stiffly over the two eggs which they lay. The clamor of the clouds of birds all talking at once is deafening. The colony is most regular in its habits; it appears on the island always on the same day in February—having previously



sent an ambassage of select birds about a fortnight before to see that the rock is still in its right place, that their seaside belongings, food, etc., are all in readiness. After their young ones are fledged, the birds all leave the cliffs on the same day in August, and their children are not allowed to return to the

community, it is said, until they have attained the age of two years.

The birds are preserved with almost religious veneration, in a fog; when the light is invisible, and the bell, which is supposed to sound a distance of two miles, is unheard in the thick air, the noise of the birds give warning of the dangerous coast at hand.

Nothing could exceed the peace and harmony of the island. The gulls and the donkey did not in any way interfere with each other. He was happy both in the society of the summer and the solitude of the winter; when in an evil moment the lighthouse-keeper took it into his head to add a pony to the establishment, which was brought down the steps with great trouble.

The donkey was hurt as to his feelings as well as in his stomach. Clearly there was not room for a living for two; the blades of grass were already so scanty that he had to eke out his dinner with potato parings etc.—indeed, he ate everything that the pigs (if they had existed) would have taken. What had this wretched beast—he thought—to do in his territory? infringing on his rights? taking the bread out of his very mouth? He was naturally excessively cross, and gave way to his temper, and plagued and tormented the miserable pony out of his very life. Still the obdurate lighthouse-keeper would not rid him of his enemy, and the donkey began to see that there would be no end to his annoyance except through his own exertions.

One day, unable to control his temper, he suddenly crept up close to the pony's side, seized him traitorously with his teeth by the scuff of the neck, dragged him to the edge of the rocks, turned round, and kicked him nearer and nearer to the precipice, but a little way off, and at last fairly pushed him into the breakers below. It was all too quickly done for a rescue; the lighthouse man from the top of his tower, helpless to interfere, saw the poor pony, still alive, floating out to sea over the reefs, the gulls hovering above him ready to fall on him and banquet upon his remains!

An attempt was next made to bring in a she-goat; but the donkey was so much the stronger and more astute of the two, that she was obliged to be carried away almost immediately, or it was clear she would have soon shared the pony's fate; and the donkey now reigns undisputed lord of the situation.

WHERE TOYS ARE MADE.

How many thousands of child-hearts are just at this good old season of Christmas made happy in the possession of the annual gifts from Santa Claus of dolls and Noah's arks, of lead soldiers and dancing figures and all the rest of the world of toys. I wonder if all the children know where Santa Claus procures the many beautiful things he brings them; if the girls know how and where the wonderful speaking, crying and smiling dolls are made? Of course, they have all heard of Nuremberg, and Nuremberg is generally styled the big toy town; but it provides the old saint principally with the cheaper kinds of toys now. Just on the borders of the Thuringian Forest lies the pretty little town of Sonneberg, and it is about this place I intend to write to-day; for here it is that the most beautiful dolls and children's toys are made at the present time in Germany.

Well, I must tell you something about Sonneberg, and how the toys are made. The Germans call the little town a daughter of the ancient city of Nuremberg, who many years ago was married to the Thuringian Forest; though she is almost a

matron herself, but is far more beautiful than the old lady on the Pegnitz. Sonneberg is a pretty little city of 20,000 inhabitants, situated at the foot of one of the most southern ranges of the Thuringian hills, from which we can look across a broad, fruitful plain as far as Coburg, whose fortress is plainly visible, some fifteen or twenty miles distant. Sonneburg, besides being beautiful, is a very prosperous little place; it carries on a large trade both with England and the United States.

The Sonneberg toy industry, which arose in the southwestern part of the Thuringian Forest, belonging to the duchy of Saxe-Meiningen, dates from the thirteenth century. At first the articles manufactured were of the very rudest description, wooden shingles, staffs, jugs, plates, etc., which were carved by the inhabitants of the mountain villages, wood cutters and charcoal burners, who thus made use of their leisure time. Some of these poor mountaineers then gathered together these wares, and, heavily loaded, wandered with them into Franconia, where they disposed of them and returned to the mountaineers, with meal, wool, cloth or whatever else they wanted for themselves or their neighbors. It was a dangerous life for the poor fellows, for highway robbers were plentiful, and many a poor toy dealer was robbed of all he possessed and sometimes even murdered. In the following century, however, a great improvement took place in the condition of the dwellers of Thuringia. A highway from Augsburg to Leipsic and Dresden was made through the forest; thenceforward caravans of Augsburg and Nuremberg traders passed along the route, and in returning purchased the manufactured wares from the villages. Then the merchants brought to the mountaineers better models from the Berchtesgaden toy makers, taught them how to paint their manufactures and to improve them so that they could be exported as the wares of Berchtesgaden or Nuremberg. This was the commencement of the Thuringian toy industry.

A very different business was that of the old Sonnebergers from that of the modern people. Toys were not purchased in such quantities in those days; people were neither so cultivated nor so rich, and doubtless the children had to be satisfied with the simplest and rudest things. But the Sonnebergers had also other business to attend to. They supplied the armies of Europe with flints; they manufactured and sold whetstones, slates and slate pencils; they began to manufacture marbles, and glass and iron manufactories were established in the beautiful wooded valleys. Salzburg Protestant exiles first introduced the manufacture of marbles into Thuringia. They are made in the same way now as then, and form a large article of Sonneberg export. You may find half a dozen marble mills in the valley leading from Sonneberg to Judenbach. Children and grown up persons first break the hard limestone into small square pieces, which are afterwards ground round in the so-called marble mills. It is estimated that 50,000,000 marbles are manufactured annually, polished and colored and sent from Sonneberg to all parts of the world; and of late years besides marbles of stone are those made of glass, porcelain and other materials. The glass blowing establishments of the valleys near Sonneberg were first founded by Bohemian emigrants who were attracted to Thuringia by the gold washings which were carried on some centuries ago in the mountain valleys.

(To be Continued.)

MANY persons who appear to repent, are like sailors, who throw their goods overboard in a storm, and wish for them in a calm.

THE CAMEL.

MANY years ago the Government of the United States introduced camels into Texas, with the intention of using them for freighting across the plains. In Asia this is a common use for the camel or dromedary to be put to. One of the Texan camels strayed across to this Territory, and for a long time he was exhibited in this city at the Museum and Menagerie. We see the use to which this useful and intelligent animal is applied under such circumstances; not that this cut represents our Menagerie, or the intelligent attendant at that place at that time, Mr. Sangiovanni. No; this represents the camels of the Zoological Gardens, at Central Park, and shows the little lady visitors enjoying themselves, if it can be possible to enjoy a ride on such an unpleasant animal to ride as a camel. Many young ladies of this city can remember "Joe," as the camel was called in this city, and how they were shaken in riding on his "hump," that part of the animal that is concealed from view in our cut by the young lady at the back sitting upon it. Two or three could ride upon "Joe" at one time; he was very willing to carry that number around the yard, but objected to a greater number. "Joe" had a very sensible way of showing his disapprobation when he was overweighted; he would go down on his knees, and refuse to get up again.

The camel here shown gives a very faithful representation of that generally docile, but at times really intractable and even ferocious animal. The camel is remarkable for its memory; it knows and obeys its keeper, remembers visitors who are kind, that is, who give it cakes and candy, and does not forget injuries. His method of attack and defense is to use the fore foot and mouth. The jaws are really formidable, and a blow from the foot would be something fearful to receive. In Arabia the camel is said to be gentle, obedient, patient, and admirably adapted to that country. By a natural provision, the creature can endure great privation of food. It has capacious stomachs, in which to carry surplus water for a journey; and when hungry the spare vegetation of the desert is ample to satisfy his wants. When there is a scarcity of food, the hump, which is a mass of fat, is gradually absorbed into the system, to keep the lamp of life burning; and it does not appear to diminish the water supply it carries, as it drinks every day if it can get water.

The camel is one among many of the higher evidences of design in the structure of animals; even the foot is wide, soft and web-like, so as to enable the creature to travel over the dreary sands with freedom. The hind legs can bend forward like the knee-joint, so as to facilitate its movements. The eye of this animal is remarkable for intelligence, the hearing is acute, and the voice is expressive of the various emotions.

He is a vegetarian, with an astonishing capacity for eating, in which nothing comes amiss.

So now we will leave the little ladies to continue their ride on the camel of the Zoological Gardens, thankful that we have such a pleasing representation of the way they enjoy themselves in New York Central Park.

B.

REFLECTIONS.

BY E. H.

Two boys went out one day and killed a porcupine. I have thought much upon it since that time. The porcupine would do no harm if let alone; he did not possess any property that they could take; his life was all he had. Those thoughtless boys took that life away. I felt grieved when I heard of it; I knew that they had cruelly taken that which they could not restore. Suppose any person should take all those

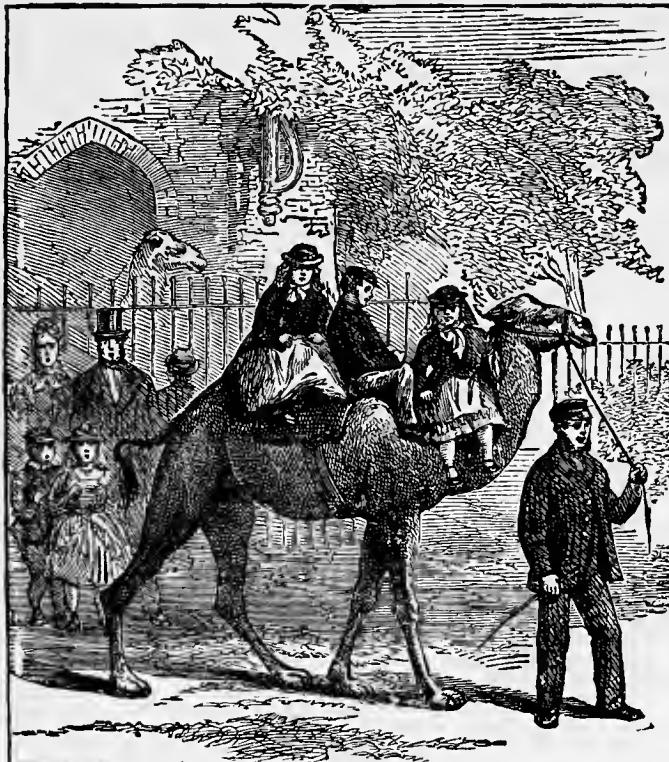
boys have on earth, would they not think it very hard, even if their lives were spared? I think they would wish to have such a wicked person punished. Would they not make a great complaint to their friends. Suppose these boys were at play and some wild beast should come out of the thicket, seize those boys and tear them in pieces. Their friends would turn out and hunt that wild beast and kill it, and not only the one that killed the boys but all they could find of the same kind.

I understand we are to be judged according to the deeds done in the body, or according to the things foun' written in the books. If we have done good we shall come forth in the resurrection of the just; but if we have done evil we shall stay until the resurrection of the unjust. And now I hope my readers may consider

this and not be cruel to any dumb unoffensive animal; but under all circumstances do as they would wish to be done by.

NEVER forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend that loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

HAVE the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.



HETTY MARVIN.

WHEN the British and Tories attacked New London, Connecticut, in 17—, and set a price on the head of Governor Griswold, the latter fled to the town of L—, where his cousin, Mrs. Marvin, hid him for some days in a secluded farm-house. But at length the subtle foe discovered his retreat, and one sunny afternoon in May he was routed from his hiding-place by the tidings that a band of horsemen were approaching to capture him.

His only chance to escape was to reach the mouth of a little creek which emptied itself into the Connecticut river, just above the entrance of the latter into the Long Island Sound. There he had a boat stationed, with two faithful attendants hidden beneath the high banks of the creek. The distance from the farm house to the boat was two miles by the usually traveled road. But a little path across the farmers' orchards would bring him to the road, only a mile from the boat, and save a quarter's length of his fearful run for life.

Just where the narrow path from the orchard opened into the road, Hetty Marvin sat with her dog Towser, tending the bleaching of the household linen. The long web of forty yards or more, which was diligently spun and woven during the long winter months was whitened in May, and thus made ready for use. The business of bleaching was well economized, being usually done by the younger daughters of the family, who were not old enough to spin, or strong enough for the heavier work of the kitchen or the dairy.

The roll of linen was taken by the farmer or his stout "help" to a grassy plat, beside a spring or meadow brook. There it was thoroughly wetted and spread upon the green turf, to take the best heat of the sun by day and the dew by night. The little maiden who tended it would sit near it.

Thus sat Hetty Marvin, the young daughter of Governor Griswold's cousin, when her hunted friend sprang past her into the road to escape from his pursuers. Hetty was a timid child of about twelve years; yet thoughtful and wise beyond any of her elders. She was frightened by the headlong haste with which the Governor rushed across the meadow. But she quickly comprehended the scene, and instantly quieted her faithful dog Towser, who, though a friend of the family guest, thought it becoming to bark loudly at his hurried steps.

Her wise forethought arrested the Governor's notice, and suggested a scheme to delude his pursuers. "Hetty," he said, earnestly, "I am flying for my life; and unless I can reach my boat before I am overtaken I am a lost man. You see the road forks here. But you must tell those men who are chasing me that I have gone up the road to catch the mail-wagon, which will soon be along, you know. Then they will turn off the other way."

"Oh, cousin!" said the little girl, in an agony of distress, "I cannot tell a lie; indeed I cannot; why did you tell me which way you were going?"

"Hetty, dear child, surely you will not betray me to my death! Hark, they are coming—I hear the click of their horses' feet. Oh, Hetty, tell them I have gone up the road instead of down; and heaven will bless you."

"Heaven never blesses those who speak falsely, cousin! But I will not tell them which way you go, even if they kill me; so run as quickly as possible."

"It's of no use, unless I can deceive them; I am a dead man."

"Cousin, cousin, hide under my web of cloth; they'd never think of looking here for you. Come get down as swift as you can, and I'll cover you, and stand sprinkling my linen."

"It's my only chance, child; I'll get down as you say." And suiting the action to the word, the Governor was soon hidden under the folds of the cloth.

Angry that their expected prey had escaped from the house where they hoped to secure him, the six mounted Tories, headed by a British officer, dashed along the road in swift pursuit. At sight of the girl in the meadow, the leader of the party paused.

"Child," he said, sternly, "have you seen a man running hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hetty, trembling and flushing.

"Which way did he go?"

"I promised not to tell, sir."

"But you must, or take the consequences."

"I said I wouldnt tell if you killed me," sobbed the frightened girl.

"I'll have it out of her," exclaimed the furious officer with an oath.

"Let me speak to her," said his Tory guide; "I know the child, I believe. Isn't your name Hetty Marvin?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes sir."

"And this man that ran by a few minutes ago was your mother's cousin, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir, he was."

"Well we are friends of his—what did he say to you when he came along?"

"He—told me—that he was flying for his life."

"Just so, Hetty; that was very true. I hope he wont have to fly far. Where was he going to hide? you see I could help him if I knew his plans."

Now Hetty was not a whit deceived by his smooth speech. But she was willing to tell as much of the truth as would consist with his safety, and she wisely judged that her frankness would serve her kinsman better than her silence. So she answered her questioner candidly. "My cousin said he was going down this way to the river, where he had a boat: and he wanted me to tell the men that were chasing him that he had gone on the other way to catch the mail-wagon."

"Why didn't you do as he bid you, then, when I asked you where he had gone?" thundered the officer fiercely.

"I could not tell a lie, sir," was the fearful answer.

"Hetty," again began the smooth-tongued Tory, "you are a nice child. Every-bdy knows you are a girl of truth. What did your cousin say when you told him that you couldn't tell a falsehood?"

"He said he shouldn't think I'd betray him to his death."

"And you then promised him you wouldn't tell which way he went, if you were to be killed for it?"

"Yes sir."

"That was a brave speech; and I suppose he thanked you for it, and ran down the road as quickly as possible."

"I promised not to tell where he went, sir."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Well, tell us his last words and we won't trouble you any more."

"His last words were: It's my only chance, child, and I'll get down as you say." And overcome by fright, and the sense of her kinsman's danger, should they rigidly interpret the language which she had reported, she sobbed aloud, and hid her face from sight.

Her tormentors did not stay longer to soothe or question her. They had got, as they supposed, the information which they wanted, and pushed rapidly on down to the river. Now the Governor had arranged with his boatman that a white cloth by

day, or a light by night, displayed from the attie of his hiding place, which was just visible at the mouth of the river, should inform them that he was in trouble, and put them on the alert to help him. As soon, therefore, as he started from his cousin's the signal floated from the window to warn them. And when they saw the pursuing party dash madly down the road to the river, and recognized the British uniform of the leader, they pulled swiftly out to sea. The horsemen reached the shore only in season to see the boat with two men in it nearly out of sight; and supposing their destined prey had escaped, relinquished the uprseut.

Meanwhile the hunted victim lay safe and quiet, where the simple shrewdness of the little cousin had hidden him, until the time came for her return for supper. Then he bade her go as usual to her home, telling her to ask her mother to place the signal lamp, as soon as it grew dark, in the window, for the boatman, and to send him there some supper, with his valise, which, in the fury of departure, he left behind.

The signal recalled the boat, which after twilight had ventured in sight of the shore and farmhouse, and the Governor quietly made his way to the river in safety. When he rejoined his father in a safe home, he named his infant daughter, which had been born in his absence, "Hetty Marvin," that he might be daily reminded of the little cousin whose truth and shrewdness saved his life.—

Indiana Churchman.

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE PLAINS.

BY ELDER JOHN TAYLOR.

IN the latter part of October, 1849, a number of missionaries started from Salt Lake Valley to go to the States, among whom were several of the Twelve, who were going to introduce the gospel to foreign lands. Elder Erastus Snow was appointed to Denmark, Lorenzo Snow to Italy, myself, in company with John Paek and Curtis E. Bolton, to France. We were accompanied to the States by Elder Jedediah M. Grant, Bishops Edward Hunter, A. O. Smoot and Edwin D. Woolley, Joseph Heywood, and a number of other Elders and brethren. Several merchants also accompanied the expedition. While journeying, we had a variety of singular adventures, and experienced some remarkable interpositions of providence during the trip, some of which may not be uninteresting to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR.

When we arrived at a point some distance west of Laramie, as we turned out our horses at noon, suddenly a large body of Indians, amounting in number to about a hundred or a hundred and fifty, appeared in sight. They were evidently on the lookout for a body of Crows, a hostile tribe of Indians, who had hovered around us for some time on our journey. As they first hove in sight they swept along with all the abandon of the red man, and their appearance was really very attractive. They were perhaps a mile from us when we first saw them. I was very much interested in their appearance, as they came dashing down upon us on their firey steeds in warlike costume. The manes and tails of their horses were painted various colors, and the Indians themselves, painted and arrayed in their richest and gayest styles, prepared for war, presented a magnificent aspect. But our personal safety soon led us to other reflections. While a part of the company immediately gathered up the horses, another part attended to our firearms; and before the Indians reached us, we had formed a line for defense, with our guns and pistols all prepared

for anything that might transpire. The Indians rode to within about two rods of us, and then made a halt; and as we had our guns leveled at them, they immediately assumed a hostile attitude. Some of them having flint-lock guns, commenced pecking their flints and making ready for firing, and others wet their fingers and placed their arrows in their bows, preparatory to an encounter. While thus engaged on both sides, waiting for anything that might transpire, a fat, jolly-looking Indian came lumbering up on horseback, not having been able to keep pace with his more youthful companions. He held up both hands, and, as I understood this was a sign of peace, and that he evidently desired to avoid any collision, I went out to meet him. He then produced a paper, which stated that these Indians were peaceable and friendly. It was signed by a Major Sanderson, who was then commanding at Fort Laramie. Although their attitude did not bespeak the most pacific intentions, we of course received the statement with as good a grace as possible. While waiting, several Indians attempted to pass us on the flank. When he saw this, General Grant, who had assumed command of the company for the time being, ordered a number of men to level their guns at them, which caused them to remain. And as we could not talk with them nor they with us, and no interpreters being present, we had to judge by signs as best we could. They pointed out to us several sentinels placed on the tops of mountains in different directions, and intimated by signs that they wanted these men to go to them, so we permitted them to pass. The chief then touched his mouth or tongue, and we supposed that they desired something to eat. I made a motion for the chief to move his men back which he did. They sat down and we furnished them with beef, crackers, tobacco, etc.; but we found that they were not hungry, and that they were anxious to talk with us. We smoked the pipe of peace with them, and then harnessed our horses and prepared to start, when they formed a line on each side of us; each of our men, as a precautionary measure, taking his gun in his hand as he drove his team. The chief expressed a desire to have some of us go to his camp, which he informed us by signs was not far off. Lorenzo Snow, Bishop Hunter and I accompanied him, and our train moved on its course. The camp, which was about three miles from our own encampment, we found to be very large. The Indians were well-formed, athletic men, and good specimens of their race. There were a great many respectable looking lodges, and I should suppose about three thousand horses grazing about. When we met them the chief seemed somewhat chagrined, and we thought that the repulse of his men by us was the cause. There was a Frenchman at the camp, who acted as interpreter during our interview. In our conversation the chief asked us why we had assumed a warlike attitude towards his people. We told him that we were not acquainted with them, and thought it best to be prepared. We did not know but that it might be some of the Crows, who had been hovering around us. They were anxious to know about the Crows, having heard that they were going to steal some horses from them. After a short and pleasant interview, we left and joined our camp. That night we put out a strong guard around our horses, and the same night the Crows stole a good many horses from these Indians, as well as the horses of some trappers who were in the immediate vicinity; but ours were not molested. On reaching Fort Laramie we were very courteously received and kindly treated by Major Sanderson.

As it was late in the fall, the snow began to descend and the whole country was covered to about twelve inches in depth.

Immediately after we crossed the south fork of the Platte River we met with a very remarkable circumstance which we were led to look upon as a providential occurrence and the interposition of the Almighty in our behalf. For right on the road that we traveled all the way from there to Fort Kearney, the snow had been blown from the road the entire distance, as if having been swept by a broom, leaving a clear track for us to travel on. It was very difficult to find nutritious food for our animals, the grass having been killed by the frost, and before we reached the Missouri River many of them failed and a number died. The very last day before we arrived, we encountered a very severe snow storm which made it extremely difficult for the animals to move, and many of them gave out. After much difficulty we arrived at an old deserted fort on the Missouri River, parties bringing in the wearied animals as best they could. Although an old deserted log house with large openings between the logs and without windows or doors was the only shelter afforded us, I am not aware of any time in my life when I experienced a greater sense of providential interposition and relief than I did with that temporary refuge from the storm. We stayed there the next day and found a family in the immediate vicinity who cooked and provided for us. We found that the ice was running very strong in the Missouri River, and that it was impossible to ferry across. The succeeding was one of the most severely cold nights that I ever experienced, and in the morning some of our party went down to the river and found that the ice was piled up and formed a bridge across. A company was selected to see if it was safe, and they returned and stated that they thought the ice, though very uneven, would bear us. We immediately made preparations to cross the river, and, although it was very rough, we took our wagons over without much difficulty; but found that towards the last it began to be very shaky and uncertain. Mr. Kinkead, a merchant, who was along, having a lot of gold dust in his possession, was afraid his team would sink before he got over, and he carried it over on his shoulders, leaving his man to bring the team over as best he might. After having used all the energy we could to get our teams over, the last one had only just crossed the river when the ice gave way and floated down the stream, thus exhibiting another remarkable manifestation of the providence of God towards His Elders who were going forth on missions to proclaim the gospel of salvation to the nations of the earth. Many people would be apt to look upon these things as natural occurrences; I ascribe them to the power of that being who says the hairs of our heads are numbered, and that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without our Father's notice.

SELFISHNESS is poverty: it is the most utter destitution of a human being. It can bring nothing to his relief, it adds soreness to his sorrows, it sharpens his pains, it aggravates all the losses he is liable to endure, and when goaded to extremes often turns destroyer and strikes its last blows on himself. It gives us nothing to rest in or fly to in trouble, it turns our affections on ourselves, self on self, as the sap of a tree descending out of season from its heavenward branches and making not only its life useless, but its growth downward.

THERE is not a morose, but a cheerful thing; whilst it makes me joyful it delivers me from frivolity, yet it causes me to be pleasant and glad.

IDLE when young, needy when old.

SUNDAY LESSONS, FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

ON THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.—LESSON I.

- Q.—Whom did God raise up to be a Prophet in these days?
 A.—Joseph Smith.
 Q.—Where was he born?
 A.—In the town of Sharon.
 Q.—In what state?
 A.—In the state of Vermont.
 Q.—In what country?
 A.—In America.
 Q.—When was he born?
 A.—On the 23rd December 1805.
 Q.—What was his father's name?
 A.—Joseph.
 Q.—What was his mother's name?
 A.—Lucy.
 Q.—Had he any brothers?
 A.—Yes.
 Q.—How many?
 A.—Five.
 Q.—What were their names?
 A.—Alvin, Hyrum, Samuel Harrison, William and Don Carlos.
 Q.—How many sisters had he?
 A.—Three.
 Q.—What were their names?
 A.—Sophronia, Catherine and Lucy.

CHARADE.

BY J. L. B.

I'm in the settlements admired, as well as in the city;
 And by both sexes, young and old, considered "very pretty."
 But then, I always try to please, which we should all endeavor,
 So I continue, like my FIRST, as "juvenile" as ever.

I teach the arts and sciences; the past and present showing
 In history, biography, and other things worth knowing.

My illustrations and my text, "charades" and all are reckoned
 As "proofs" that I deserve the name that designates my
 SECOND.

You know me. We've been friends for years—I'm in my
 TENTH year now;
 And I improve—as all should do—the older that I grow.
 My aim is to improve YOU too, in body and in soul,
 And be what I profess to be. So now you know my WHOLE.

The answer to the Charade published in Number 25 is PROCRASTINATION. We have received correct solutions from Jos. L. Robinson, Fillmore; J. M. Ballinger; Pleasant Grove; Beckey J. Noall, J. W. Ashton, E. Brooks, W. T. Cooper, W.C. Peck, Millie Peck, Heber J. Sears, Salt Lake City.

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